

All Mistaken, —
OR THE
Mad Couple.

A
COMEDY,

ACTED by His Majestyes SERVANTS, at the

Theatre Royal,

Written, by the Honorable James Howard, Esq;

LONDON,

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R.G. Shaw

THEATRE ROYAL

LONDON

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The Actors Names.

The Duke.

Ortelm, next of Kin to the Duke : of an Ambitious, and Treacherous Nature.

Arbasu, suppos'd Brother to Artabella.

Philidor, a Mad Kinsman of the Dukes, in Love with Mirida.

Zoranzo, The Dukes Prisoner of War : in love with Amarissa.

Pinguister,
Lean-man, } Two Rediculous Lovers of Mirida.

Doctor to Pinguister.

Taylor to Lean-man.

Taylor.

Servant to Philador.

Boy.

Clown

Guard and Attendants.

Women.

Amphelia, in love with the Duke.

Artabella, the Dukes Sister ; but taken for the Sister of Arbasu.

Mirida, Philador's mad Mistress.

Amarissa, in love with Zoranzo.

6. Ladies.

3. Nurses with Children.

Scene I T A L Y.

The Duke
Cousin, I am so glad to hear of your recovery, and I hope
that you will be able to return to your usual
state of health, and I am sure that you will find
that the Duke's recovery is a great relief to
all of us who love you.

My dear Duke,
I am so glad to hear of your recovery, and I hope
that you will be able to return to your usual
state of health, and I am sure that you will find
that the Duke's recovery is a great relief to
all of us who love you.

I am so glad to hear of your recovery, and I hope
that you will be able to return to your usual
state of health, and I am sure that you will find
that the Duke's recovery is a great relief to
all of us who love you.

Yours
The Duke

I am so glad to hear of your recovery, and I hope
that you will be able to return to your usual
state of health, and I am sure that you will find
that the Duke's recovery is a great relief to
all of us who love you.

Scene 1st Act 1st



All Mistaken, OR THE Mad Couple.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Duke from war, in Tryumph, leading in his hand Artabella,
a woman of that Countrey, from whence he came with Arbatus
her Brother, and Loranzo Prisoner, and on the other
side Amphelia and Ortellus and Guard.*

Duke. **M**Adam I need not say you're welcome to this
Countrey since 'tis mine.
Artab. Sir, leaving my own for yours, speaks
my beleif of that and all things else you say.

Duke. The same unto your worthy Brother
Besides my thanks to you Sir for letting
Your Sister take this Journey.

B

Artab.

Arbat. Your Highness hath so Nobly Exprest
Your self unto my Sister, that I
Consented to her Coming with you, so
Highly I esteem'd your Princely word,
That I have let her Trespass on the
Bound of Common Modesty in this
Adventure, for when this hasty Judging
World shall see you have brought a woman
From her owne Country and not your
Wife, how soon will every Tongue give her
Another title.

Duke. Sir my suddain Actions shall prevent all
Tongues or thoughts either to name or
Thinke her any thing but my Dutchesse,
Therefore all that owe Duty or Respect
To me, pay it to her.

What *Amphelia* did you beleive the world
So Barren of good Faces, that yours
Only dos enrich it, or did you think 'twas
All mens fates only to Doat on yours.
Look on this Lady and you'll see your
Errour, marke well her face and you
Will find in every line Beauty sits
Empress there, These are the Eyes
Amphelia now, that dart obedience
Through my heart, are not you vext
To see I am noe Constant foole and
Love you still.

Amphe. Vext at what, to see a man I hate;
Love another, a very great vexation :
Know Sir this Breast has only
Roome for Joy and Love, to brave *Ortellus*,
Forgive my heart that 'twas not
Yours before, since you have long
Deserv'd it.

Ortell. Madam, no time was long enough
To wait this Blessed hour.

Amphe. Alas great Duke instead of pineing

For your Change, you find me
Mid't a Thouſand Joys in this
New Choice.

Duke. So you doe me *Amphelia*, amid't
Ten Thouſand; Not all the
Glories that attend a Conquering
Souldier can create one Joy ſo great
In me as being Conquer'd here in
My owne Tryumphs. I am but a ſlave.
Nor dos my victory over Thouſands pleaſe
Me ſo much as being overcome by
One, by this fair one, whoſe Eyes
By ſhining on my Tryumphs only
Make it Glorious.

Amph. Well Sir we will not change our happy
States; you cannot brag of happyness
So great to make me Envy, I am
Only ſorry for this Lady that had nothing
Elſe to doe with her heart ~~but to give~~
It you: Madam if your Breſt had
Been Crowded with ſome Twenty or
Thirty hearts, and amongſt theſe one very
Ill, you might have made preſent of
That to this mighty *Duke*.

Duke. Madam does not this Ladies diſcourſe
Make you affraid of me.

Artab. Not in the leaſt Sir.

Duke. Where's this bold Priſoner.

Guard. Here and pleaſe your Highneſs.

Duke. Well Sir, though you did attempt to Kill me
In our Camp after you were our Priſoner
You ſhall not dye, ſince you are of the
Same Country this Lady is, Therefore
Thank her and Fortune for your Life.

Zo. I'd ſooner Curſe them both, ſhall I thank
Any for my life but heaven that gave
It me, I'd rather give it to a Cat, a
Noble Death were far more welcome

To me, then a mean Life at second
 Hand, my being here I owe unto the
 Gods when they think fit to lend it
 Me no longer, they know the way
 To take it from me, I scorn to run
 In debt unto a Mortal Duke, for two
 Or three dayes Breath.

Amph. Brave Captive———(a side)

Duke. You're very high considering you
 Are in Chaines.

Zo. Why Sir think you these Fetters can
 Confine my mind as they doe my Leggs,
 Or that my Tongue's your Prisoner,
 And dares only say may it please your
 Highness. How much are you mistaken:
 Know Sir my Soul is Prompter to my Tongue;
 And gives it Courage to say any thing,
 That Heaven will not frown at, we shou'd
 Detract from those great pow'rs above, if
 We pay feares to any here below, perhaps
 You think, I'll beg my life now upon
 A pair of bent Petitioning knees. No Sir
 Had I a hundred lives, I'd give them all
 To sharpest Deaths, rather then Beg for one;

Duke. You'r well resolv'd, perhaps your mind
 May alter, when you see the Ax.
 In the mean time Commit him to the
 Closest Prison, where if you have any
 Accounts with heaven, you'l have time
 To Cast them up before your Dearth.

Zo. Your Sentence brings me Joy; welcome
 The Keenest Ax that can be set, 'twill
 Cut my Head and Chaines both off together.
 Welcome most happy stroak, since it
 Will bring rest to my Eyes, and make
 A Slave a King.———

Exit with Guard

Duke. Madam I suppose this Journy has so
 Wcaryed you, that 'tis time to shew you

The way to your Lodgings, and leave you
To your Repose.

Guard. Make way there for the Duke,

Amph. My Lord you had best Attend the Duke.
Because 'tis a Respect due to him.

Ortell. I shall Madam at your Commands.

Exeunt

Amph. How has my tongue bely'd my too true
Heart, in speaking hate unto the Duke and love to *Ortellus*.
I hate the Duke, so Eyes do sleep that long have known
No rest, how cou'd my Lips give passage,
To such words and not have clos'd for ever.
Not by my hearts direction I am sure, for
That so swel'd being injur'd by my
Mouth, as had not Pride and reason Kept
It here from this unquiet seate, it wou'd
Have forc't away to *Archimedes* Breast,
And there have whisper'd to his heart my
Tongues untruth. Why shou'd I love this
Man, that shews me nothing but Contempt,
And hate : Rouze drooping heart, and think
Of that, think of it alwaies, so by degrees,
'Twill bring a Winter round thee, that in
Time shall Chill the heate of thy undone
And lost affections, oh 'tis not true that all our
Sex Love Change, then I might find one
Path that leads to it, that womanish vice,
Were vertue now in me, 'twou'd free my
Heart ; and that were Charity.

Enter Duke.

See where he comes again, oh how I love
And hate that man. Now help me Pride and fil
My Breast with scorne, and prethee Tongue
Take heed you do not faulter, heare not
My heart that will distract thy speech, and
So betray my fain'd unkindness.

Duke. What *Amphelia* all alone, weary of your new

Love already, cant you pass away the
Time with him one Hour.

Amphe. Were he no finer man then your self to
Be with him a Minute, I shou'd think a
Seaven Years pennance.

Good heart lye still, and let my tongue alone.
I wonder what a woman can see in you,
Or heare from you, to make her Love you.
I was Just goeing to have said, hate him.
O what a taske is this, therefore let me
Advise you to have a meane opinion
Of your self.

[*aside.*

Duke. Me thinks that advise might serve for
Your self ha, ha, ha.

Amphe. Have patience heart I know I lye, thou
Need'st not tell me so, I had better then
Confess my Love. D'ye laugh *Duke*, faith
So cou'd I at you till the tears ran down
My Cheeks, that they wou'd quickly do,
For grieve wou'd fain unload my Eyes.
I must begon, I cannot longer Act this
Parr, unless I had a heart as hard as his.

Duke. What you are goeing now to your Love *Ortellus*

Amphe. I am so, and goeing from you to him is
Pleasure double, not only pain to quit,
But Joy to meet.

Duke. Make hast then for your departure will
Oblidge me too, so we shall be all pleas'd.

Amphe. Hast I will make, but with unwilling feet.
For every step from him my griefes repeat.

[*aside.*

[*Exit.*

Duke. She's gon and after her my heart is flown,
'Tis well it has no Tongue to make it's mone;
Then twou'd discover what my Pride conceales.
A heart in Love (though slighted) Love reveales,
Yet though I love her itil she shall not know.
Her hate shall seem my Joy; which is my Woe.
My constancy I'll Outwardly disguise.
Though here within I am not half so wise,

Yet

Yet rather then disclose my doating fate,
 I'll wound my heart by Counterfitting hate.
 To whine it wou'd the worst of Follies prove;
 Since women only pity when they Love.
 With how much scorn she gave me welcome home?
Ortelius in her hand to shew my Doome.
 Me and my Tryumphs she did so despise,
 As if they'd been unworthy of her Eyes.
 'Tis well to her I shew'd as much disdain:
 I'd rather perish then she guess my pain.
 But O! the horrid Act she makes me do,
 To foole a woman that is young and true.
 So damn'd a Sin, that Hell cou'd not invent;
 It is to foul for any punishment;
 To question those above I am afraid,
 Else I wou'd aske them why they woman made.

Enter Philidor.

O my Mad Cosen your Servant.

Whether so fast?

Philid. So fast Sir, why, I have been haunted
 By a Pack of Hounds this three Hours,
 And damn'd deep-Mouth'd Hounds too.
 No less then three Couple of Nurses.
 Three Couple of Plaguy hunting Bitches.
 And with them three Couple of Whelpes
Alias Children Sir, they have Rung me
 Such a Ring this Morning through
 Every by turning that leads to a Bawdy
 Houle, I wisht my self Eartht a thousand
 Times, as a Fox does when he is hard Run,
 But that they wou'd have presently
 D—d me out with their Tongues.

Duke. Faith *Philidor* t'is no news to me, for I
 Have known thee from sixteen at this
 Course of Life, what and these Children were
 All your Bastards, and their Nurses coming

To

To dun you for money?

Phill. Something of that's in't I think Sir.

Duke. Well Cuz I'll leave thee to thy wildness,
A fitter Companion much for thee then I at this time.

Phill. Why Sir, I hope nothing has hapned to trouble you.

Duke. No, No.

My griefe alas is far beyond Express,
To tell it to a friend can't make it less.

[Exit.

Phill. Wou'd I were at the wars again, I fear
No Sword half so much as the Tongue
Of one of these Nurses, and the youling of
The Children are more dismall to my
Eares, then the Groanes of Dyeing men in
A Battaile, I am at this time in Law with
Six or seaven Parishes about fathring
Of Bastards, 'tis very fine truely, and yet me
Thinks 'tis a hard Case, that I shou'd be
Sued for Multiplying the world, since death
Makes bold with Bastards as well as other
Children, the very Picture of a Nurse and
Child in her armes wou'd fright me now,
Oh from that sight ——— deliver me!

Enter Nurse and Child as he is going out.

Ha! and here they come: Pox on't what luck have I
After saying my prayers, it shall be a fair
Warning to me, now am I started again,
And must goe Run tother Courte.

[offers to Run away

1 Nurse. Esquire *Philidor*, Esquire *Philidor*. [he Runs after him.

Phill. How deafe am I now, 'tis well I know
This by way to avoid her.

Enter second Nurse and meets him.

Ha! S'death another, the Devill appearing
Here too.

2. Nurse. O my Proper young squire, stay stay,

D'yece

d'ye hear fir,

Phil. No indeed wo'nt I. Yet I know one way
More to avoid them.

Enter third Nurse.

Ha! another coming here too, nay then I
Find I am in Hell, before I thought I shou'd.
What will become of me now?

3. *Nurse.* Oh Squire, I thought I shou'd never have
Spoke with your Worship,

Phil. No by this light shou'd you not if I
cou'd have hope it.

1 *Nurse.* I wonder Squire at your Conscience to avoid
Your pretty babes as you do.

Phil. So, now 't begins, I am like to have
Sweet Musick from the Confort of
These Nurses tongues.

1 *Nurse.* Saving your presence fir, I think
Here are three as sweet Babes as ever suck'd
Teat, and all born within the year too,
Besides three more that your Worship has
In our street.

Phil. A very hopeful generation, sure this was
A great Nut year; well if all Trades
Fail, I may go into some Forraine
Plantation where they want people, and
Be well paid for my pains, wou'd I
Were there now.

1 *Nurse.* Codge, Codge, dos a laugh upon a dad,
In conscience fir the child knows your Worship.

Phil. A very great comfort.

1 *Nurse.* My young Master here is as like your
Worship, as e're he can look, has your
Tempting eyes to a hair, I cou'd not
Chooce but smile to my self tother day,
I was making him clean about the
Secrets, to see what God had sent him.

In a plentiful manner, it put me half
In mind of your Worship, I am sure I
Have been at double the expence of
Other Nurses in eating choice meat to
Make my milk good for my young
Master, because I wou'd not spoil the
Groath of any one of his Members.

2 *Nurse*. Nay for that Neighbour, I have eat as
Good or better meat then you every day
In the week; I never toucht a bit of salt
Meat, for fear of spoyling my child's
Blood.

Philli. Considering how well 'tis born.

3 *Nurse*. Nay Neighbours for that I have been
At greater charge than either of you in
Choice dyets, to breed good milk for
My young Mistris here,

1 *Nurse*. You Lye.

2 *Nurse*. You'r a Queane.

1 *Nurse*. And you'r a Whore. Marry your husband
Is the notedst Cuckold in all our street.

2 *Nurse*. You lye you jade yours is a greater.

Philli. His—now for a battail Royal.

1 *Nurse*. If I lay the child out of my armes
I'll pull off your head-clothes you Carren

[Lays their
children down
and fight.]

2 *Nurse*. Marry come if thou durst.

Philli. 'Tis best for me to be a Coward
And march off from this bloody fight.

All *Nurses*. Hold, hold, the Squire is going away.

Philli. So nothing con'd have parted them this
Three houres, but the fear of losing me.

1 *Nurse*. What wou'd your Worship have left us,
Without paying us for Nurseing your
Children, you have a Conscience with a
Pox to you.

Philli. So, now will they end their War in
Vollies of shot upon me, I have but
One thing now to do, with every one

Of these haggs have I been forc'd to
Lye with, which they took as satisfaction
For payment for two moneths Nurfeing,
Perhaps rather then they will have it
Known to one another, they'l hold their
Tongues and leave me, — well my three
Sweet harmonious Nurfes what is due to you.

1. *Nurse.* Due, why there was twelve moneths
Due for Nurfeing, 'tis true two moneths
Your Squireship satisfied me for

2. *Nurse.* And me too.

3. *Nurse.* And me likewise.

Phili. Hark yee, if you will not be gone I'll tell

1. *Nurse.* No marry wont I, till I have my money.

2. *Nurse.* Do'nt think to fright me, but pay me.

3. *Nurse.* I fear you not, pay me my money.

Phili. Pox on't 'twill not do, I must try another
Way. Boy was the Woolf fed to day.

Boy. No sir.

Phili. Go fetch him quickly to dine with these
Ladies. ————— — *Exeunt Nurfes.*

So, I thought I shou'd set them going,
Ha ! the Devil they have left the
Children behind them, this was a
Very cunning device of mine, now am
I in a pretty condition. Troth a very
Noble Anabaptist Progeny, for the
Devil a one of these were ever Christned ;
For I have run so much upon tick
To the Parsons for Christning of
Children, that now they all refuse to
Make any Bastards of mine a Christian
Without ready money, so that I'll
Have this boy bred up a Parson, that he
May christen himself and the rest of his
Sisters and brothers, what shall I doe

When these Infants begin to be hungry
 And youle for the Tear. O that a milk
 Woman wou'd come by now, well I must
 Remove my flock from hence. Small
 Cole, small Cole, will you buy any small
 Cole, Pox on't I cou'd never light of
 Any but fruitful Whores, small cole
 Small cole ————— *Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter Zoranzo as in Prison.

Zo. Sure 'tis not kind, of those great Pow'rs above
 To add these Chains to me that am in Love.
 As to my Bed of straw, I am content,
 Since any bed from her is punishment.
 To lye on down of Swans wou'd be hard rest,
 Cou'd I not make my pillow on her breast.
 O *Amarissa* wer't thou here with me,
 I wou'd not sell these Bonds for Liberty.
 Ransomes that Prisoners give to be set free,
 I'de give as much to Lye in Chaines by thee.
 Here is her Picture, Oh thou too like shade,
 To looke on it my Eyes are half afraid.
 It so presents my Joy and Misery ;
 Since 'tis the Nothing of that all to me.
 The greatest pain to any Lovers heart :
 Is to remember when they are a part.
 For thoughts of Joyes when there's a Barr Betwixt,
 Are worle then poyson with a Cordial mixt.

*[puls out her
 Picture.]*

Enter Amphelia and Jaylor.

Amph. Well said Jaylor, here's for thy pains

Brave Prisoner, perhaps this visit may appeare
 But strange to you, till you have heard me
 Speake, Know then when you receiv'd the
 Sentence of your death, you seem'd to
 Meet it with so brave a Soul, as if the
 Sound had not displeas'd your Eares, thus
 Did your Courage fill my Eyes with wonder,
 And my heart with Pity, straight I resolv'd ;
 To give you all my helpes to set you free,
 Which now I offer to you.

Zo. Madam cou'd I tell what to say I wou'd
 Begin, I have nothing but poor thanks
 To offer to you, and those though Millions
 Were not half enough. Compassion shew'd
 Unto the Miserable Heaven can only
 Recompence, therefore in my Dyeing
 Pray'rs I will begg from thence, a Blessing
 To reward your Pity.

Amph. Sir the Joy of your Escape will pay my paines,
 All my Endeavors I will set at work,
 The time is short, therefore I must make
 Hast, Expect to hear of me again with speed.

Enter Ortellus as she is going out.

Zo. What can this meane, heaven grant she
 Does not Love me, I wou'd not with so
 Brave a heart, so great a Punishment,
 Since my Love's fixt already.

Ortell. Madam I have been seeking you, pray
 Whence came you, this is no usuall place
 To find you in.

Amph. I was only walking this way Sir.

Ortell. I'll wait of you presently. I suspect
 She has been at the Prison ; I will inform
 My self by the *Jaylor*, and yet perhaps
 She has bid him to deny it : *(Steps to th' Jaylor.)*
 The Lady *Amphelia* saies she has left

One of her Gloves behind her in the Prison;
And has sent me for it.

Jay. I'll goe see straight Sir ——— *Exit.*

Ortell. She has been there it seems then.
Madam I fancy you have been to see the
Prison.

Amph. Who I, what makes you think so.

Ortell. Why, am I mistaken?

Amph. Yes what shou'd I do there.

Ortell. Nay that's the Question, but there you
Have been just now, and with the
Prisoner too.

Amph. Sure you dream.

Ortell. She's false & find, I'll try her Love to me, ——— [*a side.*
Madam since you have been Pleas'd to
Shew your Kindness publickly to me;
I take this time to begg my happyness,
Which is that a Priest may Joyn
Our hands.

Amph. I will not Marry yet.

Ortell. Why pray Madam.

Amph. For a very good reason, because I hant a mind too.

Ortell. Will you give me another reason.

Amph. I need not, that's sufficient.

Ortell. You Love me, do you not?

Amph. You know I have declar'd it.

Ortell. But sure you'll not deny me twice.

Amph. Not if you aske but once.

Ortell. Fie, Fie, this Modesty is a Thiefe to Lovers
And Robs them of their time, Come, Come
Say I and blush.

Amph. I'll not say I, nor blush.

Ortell. If you had any Modesty you wou'd.

Amph. You said just now I had too much.

Ortell. To much of Impudence you mean.

Amph. What's that you say.

Ortell. Why truth.

Amph. Get you out and wash your Tongue, tis foul.

Ortell.

Ortell. 'Tis like your heart then, but that it
Cannot Lye as much.

Amph. Most valiant Lord to give the Lye to Petty-coates.

Ortell. Why did you deny your being in the Prison.

Amph. Not for fear of you, I was with the brave
Prisoner, what then.

Ortell. You went to make love to him, you had
Best use your Time well, 'twill be short
And sweet, your dear will not be so
Proper a man by the head within this
Two dayes. False woman, you have a
Heart that flies from one mans breast
To another, all the inconstancy of your
Sex is Constancy to this of yours: you
Have deceiv'd the Duke already, that
Might have been my warning.

Amph. Faith and so it might, the Duke in all
Things so far Excells you that you were
A fool to think when once my heart
Bid him farewell, that it design'd no
Better a Change then you; troth you'r
Mistaken, it had a further Journey to
Make; and so took your Breast for an
Inn, only to Lye by the way.

Ortell. Base woman, is't not enough that
You have fool'd me but you must mock
Me too, heaven hold my hand from
Murthering thee.

Amph. Fright those that fear you. ——— [Exit.

Ortell. Cursed of all fool'd men (like me) light
Heavy on thee, Reveng begins to fill
My heart and I will poure it out on
This base woman. I know the way,
I'll to the Duke.

Enter Duke.

I am glad I have met your Highness, for

I have businels to impart to you that Concerns
Your Life.

Duke. What is't *Ortellus*.

Ortell. Know Sir *Amphelia* that

Duke. Loves you.

Ortell. No Sir she Loves the Prisoner

Duke. 'Tis impossible.

Ortell. 'Tis very true Sir, I caught her coming from him,
She is designing his Escape, and for ought
I know, her Love to him may put other
Thoughts into her head.

Duke. What d'yeec mean.

Ortell. She may designe your Life, a woman that
Is ill, Exceeds a man in mischief.

Duke. My Lord I thank your Care, if you can
Track her further, pray let me know, in
The mean time I shall prevent her
Ill intentions.

Ortell. My dilligence shall not be wanting, so
Since I can have no Love, Revenge
Shall be my Mistris. —————

[Exit.]

Duke. On *Amphelia* why dost thou take such
Paines to break my heart when 'tis so
Easily done. She needs not secretly contrive
My death since half a word from her,
Commands my life, her face and heart,
Sure cannot be a kin, Nature Mistooke,
Or else she was too blame to give one
Woman to so great Extreames.

Enter Arbatus.

See here comes the Brother to wrong'd *Artabella*.
The horror of that sin grows bigger in me,
That I with a deludeing Love shou'd foole
An Innocent, to shew an outward scorn
To false *Amphelia*, for when I heard she
Lov'd *Ortellus*, I straight made Love to

This

This young woman, and brought her from
Her own Countrey, only to make *Amphelia*
Think I lov'd another.

Arbat. I hope I don't disturb your Highness

Duke. No *Arbatus* you are alwaies welcome to me.

Arba. Sir, I should ask you a question.

Duke. You freely may.

Arba. Not but I think my Sister far unworthy
Either in Birth or Fortune, to be call'd
Your Wife: Yet since you have been
Pleas'd to grace her with your Love so
Far, as saying she shall be your
Dutchess, be pleas'd to tell me why
It is not so; she has been here so
Long, that people now begin to say you
Mean her for your Mistress, shou'd my
Eares meet that sound from any
Tongue, I'de————

Duke. Hold *Arbatus*, I'me sure I have given no
Cause as yet to doubt my kindness to
Your Sister.

Arba. Pardon me Sir, in your delay you have;
My Sister has no Dowry but her Vertue,
Youth, and some small stock of Beauty.
These if you lov'd her for, you wou'd
Not waste, by letting time rob her and
You at once.

Duke. Sir, business of great importance has
Hitherto defer'd my Marriage, beleive
Me you shall find me just.

Arba. A Princes word must not be question'd
I have done.

Duke. Oh *Amphelia* what dos thou make me do. *Exit.*

Arba. Let him take heed, if he dos fool my Sister, were
He ten thousand Dukes I'de cut his throat. *Exit.*

Enter Philidor alone.

Philli. I have been quite at tother end or'h
 Town to put my children out to new
 Nurfes, for I am known so to every Nurfe
 Here about, that they will as soon nurfe
 A Cats kitten as any child of mine; this
 is a very pleasant life I lead, neither
 Is this the worst part of it, for there are
 A certain flock of women that I have
 Promis'd Marriage, I expect a volly of
 Shot from them too, soon as they find
 Me out; wou'd Wives and Children were
 as hard to come by as Money, then wou'd
 I turn Usurer, and let 'um out to use, for
 To say truth I have enough to spare

Enter Six Ladies one after another.

So here comes one of my promis'd Virgins.
 Nay a second too, — a third — a fourth,
 A fifth — a sixth — Welcome blessed
 Half dozen, now will I go Muster my
 Nurfes and children to, and go against the
 Great Turk. I am glad to see they have
 Brought ne'r a Coffin, for I expect nothing
 But death from them: I wonder they don't
 Begin to Ring my Funeral peal.
 See every one of them Beckons to me, as much
 As to say, I'd speak with you in private,
 But the Devil take me if e're a one
 Of them do, I find by this, they wou'd
 Not have their business known to
 One another, this may be a means for me
 To get off for this time; Ladies you all
 Look as if you had something to say to me.

Pray

Pray make me so happy as to let me know
What 'tis :

They dare not speak aloud,
Will you Madam, or you, or you Madam,
Or you Madam ; not one of you tell me
What the honour of these Visits mean.
I see I am troublesome to you all, therefore
Ile not be longer Rude ; and so I take
My leave ; This was good luck , that
They shou'd come altogether, for I had
Rather be alone six hours with the Devil
Then with e're a one of them half an
Houre, I'll stand close in this corner,
Till they are all gone.

(a side.

(Beckon him.

1 Lady. Now the Pox take him for a cunning Rogue.

2 Lady. A Plague take him.

3 Lady. The Devil take him.

4 Lady. If there be e're a Diuel worse then another
Take him thou.

5 Lady. Oh that I had him alone.

6. Lady. Was there ever such a Rascal. *Exeunt at several*

Phil. So the cost is clear again. *(peeps out, (doors.*

Enter Mirida.

S'death here comes another, O 'tis none
Of that gange though.

Mirida. I'll lay my head, ne're a Girl in
Christendome of my age can say what
I can, I'me now but five years i'th
Teens, and I have fool'd five several men.

Phil. A brave wench by this light, sure 'tis I
In Petty coates.

Mirida. My humour is to love no man but to
Have as many Love me as they please
Come Cut or Long tail.

Phil. A most Divine wench.

Mirida. 'Tis a rare diversion to see what several

Waies my flock of Lovers have in being,
 Ridiculous, some of them sigh so
 Damnably, that tis as troublesome as a
 Windy day 'ther's two of them that make
 Their Love together, by languishing Eye-
 Casts, one of them has one Eye bigger then
 Another, and he looks like a Tumbler, and
 That Eye 's like a Musquet Buller, and I expect
 Every Minute when he will hit me with it,
 He aims so right at me. My other
 Lover looks a squint, and to see him cast
 Languishing Eyes, wou'd make a woman
 With child Miscarry. There is also a
 Very fat man, Mr. *Pinguister*, and a very
 Leane man that loves me; I tell the
 Fat man I cannot Marry him till hee's
 Leaner, and the lean man I cannot Marry
 Him till hee's Fat: So one of them purges
 And runs heats every morning to pull
 Down his sides, and the other makes his
 Taylor stuff his clothes to make him shew
 Fatter: Oh! what pleasure do I take in
 Fooling of Mankind.

Phil. Was there ever so witty a wench, 'tis the
 Woman of women for my turn, I'll
 To her, thou most Renowned Female
 I cannot hold.

Miri. From what?

Phil. From kissing thee, loving thee, or what
 Thou wilt.

Miri. Troth you'r very well acquainted, considring
 You never saw me before.

Phil. Saw thee, I have heard thee talke this
 Hour, like an Angel of light.

Miri. Well, and d'ye love me for what you heard me say.

Phil. Yes faith do I, why you are just of my
 Humour, when I heard thee say how many men
 You had fool'd, I was very glad to hear

You

You come one short of me, for I have
Fool'd six women, and you but five men.

Miri. Why if you love me you shall be the sixth fool,
To make up my half dozen too.

Phili. No I wont, and yet I'll love thee too.

Miri. Why how will you help it?

Phili. Thus you and I will love one another.

Mir. What whether I will or no.

Phi. Nay hear me, we two will Love how we
Please, when we please, and as long as
We please, doe not these Propositions
Tickle your heart a little.

Mir. I don't mislike them. Now could I take him
About the Neck and Kiss him for this humour
Of his, and do you say you will Love me.

Phi. Yes marry will I.

Mir. Nay hold, I wont marry you.

Phi. Nor I thee, for all the world.

Mir. And yet you say you will Love me.

Phi. I tell you I will, make no more words on't.

Mir. Why then hark you, to be as absolute
As you, I will Love you too. That is to say,
Upon the aforesaid Conditions.

Phi. With all my heart, prethee don't think
That I will Love thee upon any other
Termes; but come we must seal this
Bargain with Hands, Hearts, and Lips.

Mir. No, No, no Lips; wee'll only shake
Hands upon't, that's enough for so
Weighty a Contract as this of ours.

Phi. But prethee lets seale the Bargain.

Mir. No, no Sir I use no Wax to my Lips.

Phi. Nay by my Troth I care not a Pin to
Kiss thee.

Mir. No, looke upon me well and see if you
Can say so again.

Phi. Hum, yes faith, I will give two pence to
Kiss thee now.

Mir. Well Sir when I do Kiss you, I'll
Bate you a penny of that.

Phil. Now you and I will sing this Song.

*My love and I a bargain made,
It is well worth a telling,
When one was weary we agreed,
To part both shou'd be willing.*

He sings.

Mir. Nay here I'me for you too.

*And thw our Loves will longer last
Then fools that still are pining,
Wee'l spend our time in joy and mirth
whilst doaters do in whining.*

She sings.

Phili. Faith you and I sing very well; we
Are alike in that too: I see either
Nature or the Devil, some body, or something,
Made thee and me for one another; well,
But let us remember our conditions.

Imprimis, I will love you.

Mir. Item, So will I you.

Phi. I will not say how long.

Mir. Item, Nor I neither.

Phi. Item, It may be I can love you but a weeke.

Mir. Item, I don't care if it be but a day.

Phi. Item, I will never be tyed to any thing.

Mir. Item, Thou shalt be tyed to what thou
Wilt but me.

Phi. Item, I will come when I please, and go when
I please.

Mir. Item, Thou shalt drown'd thy self when
Thou wilt, or hang thy self when thou
Wilt, or go to the Devil when thou wilt.

Phi. Item, If I shou'd like another woman, I
Will have the liberty of leaving you,
Without any Ceremony, but just saying
Good buy.

Mir

Mir. Item, If I shou'd like any man better then
You, I'll leave you without saying so
Much as good buy.

Phi. Item, The first that sighs of us two
Shall fast a weeke.

Mir. Item, The first that looks but
Melancholly of us two shall
Be starv'd to Death.

Phi. To Conclude we will be both as mad
As we please.

Mir. Agreed and the Devill take the Tamest.

Phi. A blest Bargain, but hark you there's
One thing I have forgot,

Mir. What's that.

Phi. Have you had as many Children as I,

Mir. No indeed hant I :

Phi. Why then you must let me help you to 'um,
That you may be even with me there too.

Mir. Hold Sir, that bargain's yet to make.

Phi. Pox on't that shou'd have been one
Of our Articles.

Mir. Well I can stay no longer with you now.

Phi. Nay prethee hold, thou shalt not go yet,
I can't part with you so soon.

Mir. I but I have a mind to go, and that's one
Of our Articles.

Phi. Well but shan't we put that other
Article in before we part

Mir. No, no, good buy to you.

Phi. Farewel Mettle. ————— *Exit.*

Enter Pinguister, Doctor and Servants.

Mir. Look you Mr. *Pinguister* this is the
Measure must meet about your waste
Before I marry you.

Ping. This, why twill not come about the small [tryes the
Of my Legg. *measure himself.*

Mir. Sir, I am the sorryer for it, but it must

Com-

Compass your Middle before you can be
My deare Chuck, your Servant Sir,
I am in hast.

Ping. Prethee thou damnable pretty Rogue,
Let me have some comfort from thee
Before thou goest, either from thy Eyes,
Thy Cheeks, Mouth or Nose, or some
Part about thee ; Consider what a
Dissolution I must undergo for Love
Of thee.

Mir. I do indeed Sir, but your Servant
For this time. ————— *Exit.*

Ping. Worthey *Dosser* my hopes are all in you now,
I have tried many Physitians already
To make me leane enough for that
Tormenting pretty Fairy Devill.

Dos. Truly Sir your case is very desperate,
But if any man in the world can drain
Your fat from you, tis I ; Sir we will
Begin your Course out of hand.

Ping. Do you hear, be sure I have at least
Two dozen of Napkins, ready upon
The spot to rub me at every turn,
Therefore come you all along with me,
Have mercy on me, I have Love and
Fat enough, to furnish a whole Nation.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter Amphelia going to the Prison.

Amph. **H**ow false a woman to all Eyes I seeme,
Because I still will hide my Constant Love ;
This way I take will bravely break my heart,
To tell the *Duke* were sneekingly to dye,

Since

Since if he knew that I did Love him still;
 With basest scornes he'd laugh my heart
 To Death, such friendship to this Prisoner
 I will shew, shall make the Duke beleive
 My heart is there; to set him free
 I'll use my utmost Art.

Wou'd I cou'd do asmuch for this poor heart,
 This way my Love with my designs complies,
 Thus one in Chaines, another's Chaines, unties;
 I have made the *Taylor* mine already,
 By promising him these hundred Peeces,
 'Tis now about the time I appointed
 To be here.

Enter Taylor.

Oh, yonders the *Taylor* expecting me,
 Here *Taylor* here's for thy honesty;
 May the business be done now?

Tay. O Madam never at a fitter time, take
 You the Key and go into the Prisoner,
 Whil'st I go see the passage cleare,
 Stand you at the door, and when I beckon
 To you, come away.

Amph. Honest *Taylor*.

Taylor. So now I am just ith' fashion, I have
 Taken money to do her business, and
 Instead of doing it, I have undone it.

Enter Duke and Ortellus.

Ortell. Tis so Sir, the Jaylor has discover'd
All to me — here he comes.

Iay. And please your Highness to stand
Close here, for the Lady *Amphelia* is
Now with the Prisoner; I have given
Her a Key to convey him through this
Private passage; as soon as I beckon
To her she will come away with him. [beckons them.]

Amph. Come Sir give me your hand, the *Jaylor* —
Beckens me the way is clear.

Duke. Hold Lady and your Love, we must shorten
Your journey a little.

Amph. Ha? the Duke and *Ortellus*? I am betray'd,
Oh villain *Jaylor*.

Ortell. Sir I fear we have interrupted them,
It may be they were going to be
Married ha, ha, ha.

Amph. If I were, 'twas what I refus'd you
Ortellus, that makes you so Mad.

Duke. Well Madam, if you have a mind to be
Married, a Priest shall nor joyn your hands,
But you shall go both back to the
Prison, and the *Jaylor* shall tie you both
Hands and Legs together.

Amph. Know Sir a Prison with this brave
Gentleman, will be greater Paradise to
Me, then to be Mistress of your Pallace,
What do I say ————— [a side.]

Duke. Well you shall have your desire then,
Yee shall Live together, and Dye together.
How cou'd I speake that word to her. ————— (a side.)

Zo. She dye, Sir; wou'd you destroy so great
A World of Vertue; Rather invent two
Deaths for me that I may dye for her too.

You'l

You'll rob your *Dukedom* of your greatest
Treasure, to take away so blest a life.
As her's, let not an Ax part such a
Head and Body, least Heaven frown, and
Call you Murtherer, you'll pull upon your
Head all Mankinds Curse, when Nature
See's her bounty thus rewarded, she'll
Turn a Miser, and will give no more
Such Blessings to the World as this
Fair Sainr.

Duke. Well Sir, I am satisfied yee like one
Another, to you shall both return back
To your straw Beds, there you may lye
As close together as you please.

Amph. No Sir, virtue shall lye betwixt us.

Duke. You'll want a Pillow till you come both
To Execution, then you shall have one,
A Block to lay your Heads on.

Amph. Know *Duke*, my head will rest better
With his on a Block, then with your's
On the softest Pillow.

How many lyes must I confess before I dye.

(*a side.*)

Duke. Indeed you'll sleep pretty soundly.
See her scornes to me, makes death a pleasure

To her. ————— (*a side.*)

My Lord give order that she may be
Brought immediately to her Tryal; in the
Meantime *Iaylor* take them you, into
Your Custody; lay 'um in Shackles both.
Cozen many thanks to you for this

Timely discovery, I must leave you a while. ————— [*Exit.*]

Ortell. *Duke* you shall have less to thank me for
Else I'me deceiv'd; I have found out he
Loves *Amphelia* still, so she dos him,
Now will I go possess *Arbatus* of this,
And tell him how the *Duke* intends to fool
His Sister; he has the Character of so
Strict a Brother, and so brave a spirit;

That his Soul will never digest this injury
 Without the *Dukes* Blood, I'll joyn
 With him and tell him how the business
 May be done ; by this ; one of these
 Three things, I shall have,
 Either a Mistress, Dukedome, or a Grave.

Enter Arbatus and Artabella.

See here comes *Arbatus* and his Sister.

Artabella they talke very earnestly.

Arba. Sister I do not like it, the *Duke* will
 Fool yee.

Arta. Indeed Brother I'me amaz'd at this delay ?

Arba. How dos he carry himself to you.

Arta. With all respect imaginable.

Arba. Then there must be something more in't,
 That he defers his Marriage thus.

Ortell. There is so Sir.

Arba. My Lord harkenings but a base office,
 But if you have heard it, 'tis no Treason ;

Ortell. No Sir, but it is Falseness in the *Duke*
 To use your worthy Sister thus, I Came
 To tell you upon my knowledge, he never
 Intended to Marry her.

Arba. My Lord though I beleive it, you must
 Pardon me if I wonder at this information
 From your Lordship, that is his
 Near Cozen.

Ortell. Sir you have the Character of so brave
 A Gentleman, Conscience and Honour
 Bids me discover this to you and your Sister :
 Think of a way of being reveng'd, and
 Here's my Hand and Heart to help you.

Arba. Pardon me that I cannot thank you
 Truly, because I needs must doubt
 This offer from your Lordship.

Ortell.

Ortell. What can I say to confirm you, will
The Word and Honour of a Gentleman do't.

Arba. To me those are things of great value.

Ortell. Then here I give them both.

Arba. But what to do my Lord.

Ortell. What you will.

Arba. Perhaps you think I'de have you aske
Some place about the Court for me,
In Recompence of this Injury to my Sister

Ortell. No Sir had you been such a person,
I shou'd not have trusted you thus far ;
With what I have said, I say agen
I am your friend, if you doubt it, you
Wrong my Honour.

Arba. Why then my Lord to be short, nothing
Will satisfy me, but the Dukes —————

Ortell. What

Arba. Blood.

Ortell. Why thou shalt have it all, if I can help
Thee too't, this night will I convey you
Privately into his Bed-chamber, come along
With me and I will tell you all. ————— [Exit.

Arba. My Lord I follow you. —————


Sister go you to your Chamber.

Arta. O Brother, Heaven preserve you in this Danger.

Arba. Now it comes into my head I need not
Doubt this Lords Truth, he is next Heir
To the *Dukedome*, if the *Duke* Dye without Issue.
Tis base in him the *Dukes* Life to pursue,
His blood is only to my Sister due. ————— [Exit.

Arta. False *Duke* thou justly hast deserv'd
Thy Death, to Cheat the Innocent is a
Double Crim, I had no cunning guard
About this heart, to keep it safe from a
Seduceing Tongue.

I have lost my heart which he by falsness woon,
How soon is Truth and Innocence undone ————— [Exit.

 Enter Philidor.

Phil. Pray remember the poor Prisoners ;
 Pray remember the Prisoners ; well had
 I not taken this course with the Regiment
 Of women that I have promis'd to marry,
 I shou'd have been devour'd by 'um
 By this time, they came just now into
 My Chamber one by one, hoping to have
 Found me alone, to have preach'd
 Matrimony to me ; but to my blest
 Deliverance, no sooner one was
 There but another came, so I perswaded
 Them one by one, to slip up into a
 Garret, so still as one knockt at
 The door, the tother ascended, there
 Have I secured them with this Key,
 And there must I keep them till I
 Have made Conditions with them.

Enter Mirida.

O here comes *Mirida*. Pray Remember
 The poor Prisoners, pray remember
 The poor Prisoners.

Mir. Who the Devill's that, *Philidor*,

Phi. The very same, my mettled Female,

Mir. Why what mad Prank art thou
 Playing now.

Phi. Alas a day, I have great Cares upon
 Me, I must provide meat for
 Half a dozen Ladies, that shou'd have
 Been my Spouses ; Look up yonder
 In that very Garret, for ought I
 Know they must Dine and Sup at my

Charge

Charge, as long as they live, and
Thus must I be their Cook every
Day, and beg their first and second Course.

Mir. I am sorry to hear this, because 'tis
A wilder trick then I have done
Lately to any of my Lovers, Prethee
Lets go under the window and
Call to them.

Phi. Come away you shall hear what
Vollies we shall have from the Castle.
Most excellent Amazonian Ladies look
Out, and behold your labouring Purveyor
What paines he takes to viſtle your
Castle, because he knows you must
Be long there.

Women looks out.

1 *La.* Rogue.

2 *La.* Rascall.

3 *La.* Villain.

4 *La.* Dogg.

5 *La.* Slave

6 *La.* Hel-hound.

Phi. Methinks you represent the Hemispher.
Because you are Enthron'd so high, your
Eyes appear like Stars to us poor
Mortalls here below.

1 *La.* Villain if we had thee here, thou shou'dst
Find it Hell.

Mir. Pray Ladies what make you so angry?
Methink the Gentleman is your friend,
And has hope you neerer Heaven, then
Perhaps ever a one of you wou'd ever have been.

2 *La.* What's that you say little Pissabed.

Mir. Sweet Angels will never a one of you
Please to descend.

3. *La.* Thou little Devil if we had thee here,
Wee'd throw thee down again with
Such a swing, that wee'd knock that
Rascals brains out with thy fall.

Mir. Then angry Ladies I shall stay here,
See has not that Lady a very fair Nose
At this distance.

Philli. Has not the tother there a mouth, that
When she opens it to scold, looks
Like a Giants Cave.

4. *La.* S' life wee'l not be abus'd thus, here's
A Hercules Statue, let's throw it down
Upon their heads

*Mirida runs away, and meets
Pinguister, and stops.*

Enter Pinguister and Doctor.

Mir. Hold *Philidor*, we shall have some new
Sport of my making now, here comes
My fat Lover, let us stand close and
Hear a little.

Ping. Doctor, pray how many stooles
May I happily have this morning,
By this Purgation already taken by me.

Doct. Doubtless one hundred Sir.

Ping. Save me 'twill swing my Bumgut then,
But how much fat may it bring away.

Doct. Peradventure half a dozen pounds.

Ping. Love what dost thou make me do? but
Worthy Doctorus, from what parts of
My continual Purg'd body is this store
Of fat extracted?

Doct. Chiefly from your waste and Calves of your
Leggs.

Ping. And how many Purges may make my
Wast and Leggs Calves, *Alias* Calves of
My Leggs delightful to her Eye Sir?

Doct.

Doct. Sir some ten Purges; that is to say
You must have 1000. stooles to drain
Your treasure of Fat totalliter from yee.

Ping. Oh Love, Oh *Mirida* for thee I dayly
Purge. *Ergo* for thee I dayly Stink.

I find I must keep Company with the Beares,
That I may be able to endure my own stink the better.

Doct. Come Sir I think you had best begin
To run your heates.

Ping. Oh me, nothing cou'd e're a made a
Footman of me but Love; well I
Must put on my Pumpes.

Phi. By this Light this is the Pleasant'st
Scene as e're I saw.

Ping. Nay *Doctlor* if you mean I shou'd run,
Lend me your hand to help

Me up. ————— [*puts on night Caps.*]

Now in the name of Love I most
Unwillingly start.

Phi. S'death he ruñs like a Duke.

[*he runs round*

Mir. His stooles come very quickly upon him,
One after another. [*and sometimes goes out to untruss.*]

Ping. I must run with my Breeches in
My hand, my Purge visits my Bumgut
So intollerable often.

Doct. Now Sir for a Gheerful Loose.

Ping. By my heart Mr. *Docterus* I wonder at
Your Cruelty to aske a Cheerful Loose
Of me; am not I loos'd sufficiently
By your furious Purgations.

Enter Lean-man and his Taylor.

Mir. Oh here comes my Lean Lover

Le. ma. *Taylor* do I look Gross enough now.

Tayl. Yes I'll assure you, you seeme very Corpulent,

Le. ma. Well I am sure if thou hast not made

Me Large enough, thou wilt thy Bill,
 Now have at Mrs. *Mirida*, fure my perfon
 Will take her; why how now Cozen,
 What makes you running a heat?

Ping. I must not stop to speak with you, but come
 Run by me and I will tell you; why I
 See you know nothing, Mrs. *Mirida* has
 A great kindness for me, but cannot
 Marry me before I am leaner.

Le. ma. She fools him, her kindness is for me,
 And bids me make my self fatter before
 We Marry.

Ping. But pray Coze what makes you stuff
 Your self so to appear big.

Le. ma. Yes I do it to please Mrs. *Mirida*'s Eye,
 She bid me.

Ping. So she makes an Ass of him.

Le. ma. Well I wont hinder you in your exercise
 Farewell now I'll to Mrs. *Mirida*. ————— [Exit.

Ping. Good buy, Good buy.
 Goods fith my Purge again, oh, oh, oh.

Enter Clown with a Cudgel and beates him in agen.

Clow. A nasty Rogue, when a man's a sleep
 To come and do it just in his Mouth.
 I'll swindge yce.

Ping. Oh hold good Sir, 'twas the violence of
 My Physick, wou'd my Paunch were
 Out if I saw you.

Phi. Hold, what d'ye mean to beat a
 Gentleman thus;

Clow. Let him learn more manners then
 Against next time.

Ping. Oh Mrs. *Mirida*, I have been Purg'd
 And beaten most Extreemly for your sake,

Sure

Sure I am Lean enough now to marry you.

Mir. That I cannot tell, but I have the Measure in my Pocket of what compass You were about when you first were In love with me, and also the measure To that you must fall before I marry you. Here was your full bigness, which Was three Yards about, let me see, Oh you are fallen a yard.

Ping. Well and wont you marry me then.

Mir. That you'll see presently, for here's the Measure must compass you about Before I do, this wants a yard yet,

Ping. Well and d'ye think its possible for me Ever to become such a Grig as that Measure will meet about me, Why to do that, you must imbowell Me, and then shave the remaining Roules of Fat off from my melting Sides.

Doff. Here pray Sir throw this Blanquet about you, you'll catch your Death.

Ping. Look you unreasonable Mistress, thus Am I fain to do every day, because I Woud melt my self into a Husband for you, You may hear my Guts at this time Boylling within me, Fme confident they'l Have the same fat as a Kettle full of Black Puddings that are all boyl'd And so broke.

Doff. Come Sir you must needs go to Bed,

Ping. That is to say, I must go Swim, for That I do constantly in a Sea of Sweat.

Mir. I pray Sir, I woud not for all the world You shou'd miscarry.

Ping. Indeed I look as if I were with Childe, Lady, if you have any thoughts of going To Heaven, have mercy on me.

Mir. Farewell Garbage.

Ping. Oh heart, O fat, oh love, what will you
Do with me. ————— [Exit with Doctor.

Phi. Was here ever such sport as we have
Seen.

Mir. Heaven send thee and I many a fair year,
To be mad together in.

Phili. I as you say, give us but time enough,
And when we grow Tame, let the
Bell Tole for us; but stay let us return
Back to my Virgins, that I may
Make my Conditions with'um, before they
Get out of Prison.

Enter all Ladies and Bind'um.

S'death they are all got out already.

1 La. Oh, have we met with you now, yee
Pair of Devils, wee'l lay you fast
Enough. So good night to you, lye there
Till we come again. ————— [Ex. La.

Phili. Pox on't was there ever such luck as this,
There was a Trap door in the Garret,
Which they found and got out at.

Mir. What think you now of this daies sport,
Philidor?

Phi. Plague on't, well enough, if they had
Not bound us back to back together,
We might have past away the time,
Malicious, Iades no way of brideling us,
But this, Prethee turn about thy
Head, and let us try if we can kiss
One another a little.

Mir. No, no, we wont try for fear you
shou'd put your Neck out of joynt
With turning it too much of one side.

Phi. Well, fortune shou'd be more carefull
Of Accidents of this Nature, and not

Contrive

Contrive them so cross.

Enter Boy.

Phi. Oh, here comes a Boy, here Sirra come Hither.

Boy. What say you Master?

Phi. Here Prethee unbind us, I'll give Thee a shilling.

Boy. Why Sir, cant you unbind your selves?

Phi. Simple Boy, thou seeest we cant.

Boy. And have you a mind to be unbound?

Phi. Yes, yes, we are in great Torments, To lye thus.

Boy. Then Sir you shall give me a Peece And your Hat, because I have never A one, or else, farewell.

Phi. Well stay, here take it out of my Pockets,

Boy. Yes that I will do, before I unbind you, And your Hat too. [Exit.]

Phi. The Rogue's to nimble for me.

Mir. Well *Philidor* farewell, I must go Put on a clean Handkercher?

Phi. And I must go see if I can find A belciving Harberdasher, else I shall Be very Crimonious to every one I meet [Exit.]

Enter Fidler.

Mir. A Fidle, nay then I am made again, I'de have a dance if I had nothing but my Smock on, Fidler strick up, And play my Gigg, cal'd, I care not A Pin for any man.

Fid. Indeed I cant stay, I'me going to Play to some Gentlemem.

Mir. Nay thou shalt stay but a little?

Fid. Give me half a Crown then,

Mir. I have no money about me,
But here take my Handkercher. [Dance and Exit.

ACT IV.

*Enter Ortellus and Arbatus as going into the Dukes
Bed-Chamber, and the Duke in Bed.*

Ortell. So I'll keep the door whil'st you
Dispatch him.

Arba. My Lord I find you truly Noble;
Why Duke, why Duke, I say. — methinks
My voice shou'd wake his guilty Soul,
Nothing but Innocence can sleep secure;
Then why good Heaven dost he take such care
Awake thou drowsy Devil Duke, my
Sisters wrongs do call thee from thy
Sleep, methinks the sound of those
shou'd Peirce thy Eares, why Duke?

Duke. What bold voice is that?

Arba. One that will be more bold with you.

Duke. Who is't so impudent as to break
My sleep.

Arba. 'Tis I, Arbatus, that will put thee
Into a wonder.

Duke. Ha, what means that Dagger in thy hands?

Arba. Canst thou ask that question, it is
To tickle thy false heart.

Duke. Ha; ha; ha; you jest, you jest.

Arba. What dost thou conceit on't make you
Laugh already, I was resolv'd to wake
Thee, before I sent thee to Hell, because

Thou

Thou may'st know of whose arrant thou goest.

Duke. Come, come, leave your foolery, least
You heat my Blood.

Arba. If I do, I will let it out all,
And that will quickly coole it, I'de give
You time to say your Pray'rs now,
But that I know thy Sin to be so
Great, that Heaven will not Pardon thee.

Enter Artabella,

Ortell. Who's that?

Arta. 'Tis I my Lord, *Artrbella*, let me in
Quickly, that I may have one stab at
His false heart, before my Brother
Has put him past seelling.

Ortell. And so thou shalt brave Girl.

Arba. Now *Duke* good night to you, and the
Devil send you good rest.

Arta. Hold Brother.

Arba. Who's that.

Arta. 'Tis I thy injur'd Sister, come to make
The first hole in that base *Dukes* heart,
It is my Right.

Arba. Begin, begin then, that I may make an end.

Arta. Stay Brother, not to fast, has he said
His Pray'rs;

Arba. His Pray'rs why none but the Devil
Will hear them, Come, come Sister
Give me the Dagger again, you wast time,

Arta. And so I will, the *Duke* shannot Dye.

Arba. How not Dye?

Arta. Not dye I say.

Arba. Then you are his Whore all this while,
And woud' have him Live that you may
Be so still.

Arta. Brother, another word so foule, I'll

Strick

Strike this Dagger through your heart,
Therefore hear me speak. Know
Then 'tis I that cannot love the Duke,
Which he wou'd never tell you, knowing
'Twould make you angry with me.

Arba. Nay then, I'll Kill you, for foolling a
Brother, and your Reputation thus.

Duke. Hold *Arbatus*, she saies it but to save
My Life, 'tis I have fool'd you both,
Therefore strike here.

Arba. And so I will then.

Arta. Hold Brother pul not a load of Sins
Upon your head, tis I have been to blame, indeed
I have, with Loving him to much.

Arba. Then thou shalt Dye.

Duke. Hold Sir Heaven will frown on you for ever,
If you shed one drop of that pure Blood ;
Upon my word 'tis I

Arba. Keep not my Tortur'd Soul thus in Suspence.
One of you tell me true, and that quickly
Too, else I'll destroy you both, and
That's the surest way, nor to mistake.

Duke. Then be assur'd 'tis I,

Arta. Brother 'tis nor, tis I.

Arba. Hey Day, hey day, I know not what
To do, or say. ————— [Throws down his Sword

Ortell. So he's Dead I hope. and goes away.

Arba. No more then you are.

Ortell. How so ?

Arba. Come my Lord, as you go, I'll tell you. [Exit. —

Duke. Oh *Artabella*, why didst take my [Arba. Orte.
Sin upon thy selfe, hiding thy Innocence
With a face of Guilt, my Death had been
Not Punnishment enough, because I have
Wrong'd so fair a Life as yours ; which
Way to ask forgiveness, I cant tell ;
There are no Pardons for such Sins
As mine, the only way to do thee

Right,

Right, is this.

Arta. Hold Sir my Life shall follow yours,
If you strike.

Duke. Why wou'dst thou have my Live ?

Arta. Because I love you Sir.

Duke. And that's the only reason I wou'd dye ;

Arta. Why wou'd it be kindly done,
To shew my Eyes your Blood ?

Duke. Yes, far more kind, then Live
And shew thy heart no Love. Oh
Artabella that thou wert my Sister, nothing
But Brothers love were then thy due ;
And I cou'd richly pay thee in that Coyn,
A Million more then ever Brother did.

Arta. Wou'd Nature then had made me so :
Or else had gave me never a heart.

Duke. What wou'dst have me do, poor *Artabella*.

Arta. Nothing but Love me Sir.

Duke. See what thou dost ask a Man, a god
Wou'd do, and yet I cant, 'tis not thy
Want of Beauty, but my Fate, Angels
Themselves to look upon thy Face, wou'd
Take a journy twice a day from Heaven.

Arta. If you wou'd come, though far a shorter way,
You shou'd be much more welcome.

Duke. Sweet Tongue lye still, offer no more such
Love as Gods themselves to have, wou'd
Think a Blifs, since all thy kindness
Dos but wound my Heart, to see rhine
Ship-wrackt in a Sea of Love, and cannot
Give it Harbour in my Breast.

Arta. Sir let me beg one thing of you then ;

Duke. Withal my Soul, be it my Dukedome,
And 'tis thine ?

Arta. 'Tis no such great request, 'tis only
When you meet me, say, I hate
Thee *Artabella*.

Duke. Why cou'd that word please thee,

Art. No, but to hear it said by you, wou'd
Bring my Death, then I wou'd thank
You for my Rest, wou'd you not come
Unto my Grave Sir?

Duke. O yes, and make thy Coffin float with a Sea of Teares.

Art. Fair Sir, of what?

Duke. Of Griefe.

Art. O me, a Sea of Teares, and yet not
One of Love, waste not such pretious
Drops upon my Grave, it will not
Satisfy my hovering Soul, to see your
Eyes drop Pity without Love, farewell Sir,
Oh for a Grave, that were a resting place,
Good heart be kind, and breake apace. ————— [Exit.

Duke. Heaven Love thee for me, base *Amphelia*
Thou art the Author of my horrid Sin. ————— [Exit.

Enter Philidor and Mirada.

Phi. Thou talk'st of sport *Mirada*, if all the
Sport we have had already with our
Lovers, come not short of this, hang me;
You say you have invited them already
To my Funerall.

Mir. Yes, yes.

Phili. So, So, Methinks my Body lies in
Great State, to see the Tribe that will
Come by and by, here will be half a
Dozen cheife Mourners, which shou'd have
Been my Wives, and some Three or
Four Sonns and Heirs, besides Three
Or four hopefull Daughters, these with
The Congregation of Nurfses, will howle
Me a pleasant Dirge, *Mirada* you being
My Excecatrix must carry your self
Very gravely, here's my Will which
You must read to'um, I'll be the

Priest

Priest my selfe, hark some body,
Knocks at Gate.

[Knocks within.]

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir they are all come,

Phi. Let 'um in. Now *Mirida* Manage
Your business well,

Mir. Let me alone I'll warrant yee.

Enter Ladies and Nurses.

All La. Ah my poor dear dear.

All Nu. Ah my poor dear Master, ah Child,
Cry for thy poor Dad. ————— [Kiss the Herse.]

Phi. What a Dog-Kennell's here, how they
Howle. ————— (a side.)

Mir. When the passions of your Griefes are over,
Pray hear me speak, because it concernes you all?

Phi. Pox of thy Gravity, *Mirida* ————— (a side.)

Mir. Nay hold your Tongue, if you set me.
Once a Laughing, I shall spoyle your
Funerall. ————— (a side.)

Enter Pinguister and Lean-man.

So here comes my Fat Lover, and my
Leane one. Welcome Gentlemen, I
Was afraid I shou'd not have had your
Company.

Ping. Really sweet Lady, I have taken a
Purge to day, (as I do Constantly for
Love of you) which has detorted me,
By reason of its opparation; neither can
I say it has yet finished.

G

Mir.

Mir. Sir please you to sit down, and you
Mr. *Pinguister*.

Ping. Lady I imbrace your offer, and shall
Press your Chair, by my heart Madam
This Chair was fitter for a Jackdaw,
Then me. [sits down and breaks the Chair.]
Nay they make such Chairs now a daies,
That had I a Grudge to an Upholsterer,
I wou'd desire no greater revenge,
Then to sit down upon every Chair
In his Shop.

Mir. Truly Sir I am sorry for your fall.
Ladies and Gentlewomen, pray give your
Attention to my dear deceased Cozens Will
Poor young man, he was Kill'd
Yesterday by a Duel, he liv'd but two
Houres after he was hurt, which time
He made use of, to settle something
On all you here, his worthy Friends.

Omnes. A good young Man.

Miri. Imprimis, I bequeath my Soul as other
People us'd to do, and so my Body.

Item, I give to Mrs. *Mary* for a reason that
She knows 500. l.

Item, 500. l. To Mrs. *Margaret*, for a
Reason She knows.

Item, 500. l. To Mrs. *Sarah*, for a reason
She knows.

Item, 500. l. To Mrs. *Martha*, for a
Reason she knows.

Item, 500. l. To Mrs. *Alice*, for a reason
She knows.

Item, 500. l. To Mrs. *Eliner*, for a reason
She knows, And so to all the rest.

Item, To my Nurses, I leave each of
Them 20. l. A year a peece, for their
Lives, besides their arreares due to
Them for Nursing. These Summes.

Of Money and Legacies, I leave to be
 Rais'd and Paid out of my Mannor
 Of *Constantinople*, in which the
 Great *Turke* is now Tennant for Life.
 If they shou'd hear how their
 Legacies are to be Paid, how they'd fall
 A Drumming on his Coffin.

[Laughs a side.

Item, I leave to Mr. *Pinguister* a very
 Fat Man.

Ping. I am so.

Mir. An Infalible receipt to make him leane.

Ping. So I hope the Dead may do, what
 The Liveing cannot.

Mir. I leave to a Certain Leane Gentleman,
 Whom I have seen in my Cozen
Miridas Company, a sure receipt to
 Make him Fat.

Le. ma. I find he knew I was to Marry his Cozen?

Mir. I desire my Body may be carried to the
 Grave by the six aforesaid Gentlewomen.
 So Ladies now you have heard his Will,
 Be pleas'd to take up the Body, Nurles
 You are to follow next; now which of you
 Will lead me.

Le. ma. I will Madam,

Le. ma. By my Bones but you shanot;

Ping. By my Fat but I will sir.

Mir. Nay Gentlemen, pray fall not out, well
 One of you lead me one half of the way. ————— *Exeunt.*

Ping. Agreed sir, take you her hand first; a
 Very timely Proposition, for my Purge
 Workes again, save me where abouts
 Is the Closter. ————— [goes out and comes in again.
 What a loose, must I run to overtake them
 Now, else I shall not lead my Mistriss the
 Last half way. ————— deliver me from Love
 And Purges.

*Enter all again with a Coffin; Philidor and Mirida
shut them into the Vault.*

Phil. So, there let u'm converse with the dead
A while, I had rather have 'um there then
Above ground, here will I keep 'um till
They have all quitted me under their hands
And Seals.

Mir. Oh the sport that we shall have by and by;
Well, but I must go home a little, my
Father will miss me, where shall we
Meet again?

Phi. Just here.

Mir. I'll not fail. ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter Amarilla just arriv'd.

Amar. I am come to late, and yet too soon am here,
Since dear *Zoranzo's* death is now so near;
On the same block with him I'll lay my head,
That our two bodies may have but one bed.
Thus are our Nuptial joys decreed by fate
Our Wedding and our Burial bare one date.
Sure I am the first of maids that ever gave
Her body, to her Lover in a Grave.
Alas! in cold embraces we must meet,
With Icy kisses in a winding sheet.
Yet though this life denies us time to love,
The other life will not so cruel prove.
Our souls so fast in Lovers knots wee'll tye,
That when the headsman strikes they both shall fly.
Twind in one another through the air,
And be at rest, whilst other Souls despair.

Enter

Enter Jaylor.

This is the Prison, and here's the Jaylor
I beleive; Pray Sir do you belong
Unto the Prison.

Jaylor. Belong, Yes I am the Keeper of it.

Amar. Is not here one *Zoranzo* a Prisoner.

Jaylor. Yes, but he wont be here long, for he
Is to dye anon.

Amar. Ah me, Sir I am his Sister, pray help
Me to him that I may speak with him,
Before that cruel hour, I love him
So that I must needs dye with him, I'll
Petition the Duke that I may, sure he'll
Not deny me that request.

Jay. I can tell you a way that you may be sure
To have that favour granted.

Amar. Tell it me and I'll thank ye.

Jay. Why if you'll try to convey him out of Prison,
As another Lady has already, you may
Bare them company too?

Amar. Why has there any Lady endeavor'd it,

Jay. Yes, one that is his Mistriss, and they are
Both to dye together.

Amar. Ha! What is't I hear, his Mistriss,
Say you?

Jay. Yes Mistriss; they both lye as Contentedly
By one another, as if they were not two.

Amar. Curse him good heaven, ye cannot throw
Too many curses on him; here Jaylor,
Take this and let me speak with the Prisoner.

Jay. Madam you shall.

Enter

*Enter Zoranzo and Amphelia, as in Prison
in Chains.*

Zo. *Amarissa*, are my eyes false, or is it
Truly she.

Ama. Your Eyes are true, but 'tis your heart
That's false.

Zo. I am deceiv'd; that cannot be her tongue.

Ama. Shou'd it speak otherwise to thee, I'd
Tear it out, Devil *Zoranzo*; curst

Pair of Vipers, that in chains of death

Can practise Lust, as if no end were nigh!

Do not my wrongs startle thy guilty

Soul, to think of all the torments it must

Have, that cou'd with so much falseness

Murder Love : when thou art gone to

Hell as go thou must, 'twill be a task

For all the Devils there to torture thee enough.

Thy sin is such, were I thy headsman,

When thou com'st to dye, I'd be a week

A cutting off thy head, twixt every stroke

I'd stop; and then I'd hollow *Amarissa*

In thy Eares, thy Guilt wou'd be an Eccho

To my wrongs, and answer to my cry,

Wrong'd *Amarissa*; which injur'd name

Repeated to thy Eares, wou'd make

Thy Soul think, Hell not half such pain.

Farwel Zoranzo, I'll come see your

Head struck off, and your Ladies.

Zo. Base *Amarissa*, that can conclude me

False because she saw this Lady lye

In Chaines by me, and cou'd not ask me how

We came together. Thus to revile me and

Not know the truth, I'll scorn to tell

Her now.

Enter

Enter Duke.

Amar. O Sir, be pleas'd to hear a Maids Petition,
Though a Stranger to you.

Duke. Fair Maid what is't?

Amar. *Zoranzo* thats Condemn'd to Dye, may —

Duke. Not Live, if that be your request, pray
Do not ask, I shan't grant it.

Amar. No Sir, 'tis that he may have a Thousand
Deaths, instead of One, or one that has
More pain then Thousands.

Duke. What makes you thus incenc'd against him?

Amar. Heaven knows I have too much cause, Sir
I have Lov'd him long, and the day he was
Your Prisoner, shou'd have been our
Wedding, news being brought to me
In my own Country, that he was to Dye,
In flying hast I took this tedious journey
With Sorrow; and with Joy, I here arriv'd;
Tears in my eyes for his approaching
Death, Smiles in my Cheeks to think
Of dyeing with him, but when I came
Unto the Prison gate, I met the Jaylor and
He told me all, then let me in, and to rejoyce
My Eyes, I saw two Devils lye in
Chains together, and not halt so fast
As Chain'd in Love, all my intended
Kisses then, I chang'd into as many curses
On his heart, which with my eyes I
Spoke as well as tongue,

Duke. Alas poor injur'd Maid, we must be one another's
Petiters, thy fate is mine;
That woman which you saw with him,
Has prov'd as false to me, as he to you:

Amar. For Heavens sake Sir, let 'um Dye both,
No sight wou'd please us like their

H

Blood,

Blood, the Jaylor told me they lye as
Close together all day, as if they were not two.

Duke. Oh curse on 'um !

Amar. Oh the Devil take 'um, pray Sir give
Order that they may be brought
Immediately to Execution.

Duke. I will.

Ama. I'll go call the Jaylor, Sir.

[*Steps to th' Prison.*]

Enter Jaylor.

Duke. Jaylor let the Prisoner be brought to
Execution straight, I'll be there my self.

Amar. And I too, Sir.

Duke. You shall, wee'l go together ————— [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Enter all Ladies, Nurses, Pinguister, Lean-
man, as in the Vault, Philidor as a Cryer.

Phil. O Yes, O yes, o yes, did any man hear
Tale or Tidings of Three Nurses call'd
Three Flanders Mares, with Three
Sucking Colts ?

All Nu. Hark, we are Cry'd in the Streets.

Phi. And also six Maiden Ladies, that shou'd
Have been all Married to a certain
Promising Gentleman.

All La. Devil, we are Cry'd too.

Phi. Also a very Lean Gentleman, that must
Be Fatter before he's Married ?

Le. ma. Hark, that's I.

Phi.

Phi. And the hugest Loss of all is one Mr.
Pinguister, a lovely Fat Gentleman,
 Whom all that knew him, doubt him
 To be Dead upon some Privy house,
 Because he Purg'd every day for Love,
 By reason Mrs. *Mirida* will not Marry him;
 Till a certain Measure that he has
 Will come about his Waist.

Enter Mirida.

Ping. Cryer, I am here, I am here.

Phi. If any can bring News of the fix aforesaid
 Virgin Ladies, or of the three *Flanders* Nurses,
 And Colts, to one Mr. *Philidor*, a very
 Consciencious young Man.

Omnes. A Pox take him.

Phi. They shall be extreemly paid
 For thier Pains. Again, if any can
 Bring Tidings of this Mr. *Pinguister*,
 To Mrs. *Mirida*, she will be very bountiful
 In her Reward, the poor soul weeps
 Most bitterly for him.

Ping. Dos she so poor Wretch? ————— [*cries aloud.*
 Prethee good Cryer go tell her I am not
 Dead, though I have been Buryed a
 Great while in the Vault. Mercy of my
 Bumgut, my Purge again?

Omnes. You nasty Rogue, turn your Breech
 Out at the Grate then

[*goes to do so, Philidor
 Kicks him down, he
 Roares out.*

Mir. *Philidor*, I have broke a Vain
 With Laughing, to hear thy Rogueries,
 I'll call to *Pinguister* — Mr. *Pinguister*,
 My Love, my Dear, sure I hear
 Thy voice.

Ping. Who's that? my dear Female?

Mir. The same Fat Love.

Ping. Oh Prethee raise me from the Dead.

Phi. Well Ladies and Gentlewomen, how d'ye
Like your Cryer now ?

Omnes. The Devil take thee, was it you?

Phi. The very same.

2 La. Well, wont you let us out, pray howsoever,
Take away this Fat Gentleman from us;
For he has such a coming Looseness, and
Tis so dark here that he has
Shit upon every one of us.

Omnes. Well, but wont you let us out ?

Phili. Yes, if you Ladies will set your hands
To this Paper, to quit me as to all Promises.
I will ; and also my reverend Nurfs,
You must set your hands to this discharge,
To quit me from all arrears of Nursing ;
Else farewell t'ye ?

Omnes. Well, well, stay we will

[Sets their hands.]

Phili. So now you may go take the Aire
Again, there's the Key to let your selves out.

Omnes. A Cheating Rogue.

Phili. Come *Mirida*, let's run away, for if
They catch us, Murther is the best we
Can hope for. —————

[Exit with *Mirida*.]

1 Nur. They went this way, let's run after
Them, some one way, and some tother. —————

[Ex. women.]

Ping. So you may, but if I run any way.
Then hang me, I am gald of my Resurrection
Howsoever. On my Conscience no green
Carcase ever stunk as I did ; to my best
Remembrance I went to stoole some
Threescore times in the Vault, *Ergo*
I was beaten Threescore times, the
Unmercifull Nurfs with their hugh
Palm'd hands, every time I went to't,
Playd at hot Cockles all the while upon
My Buttocks, well I hope I shall ne're

Be buried again whil't I live, and fo
With that Prayer I'll go to Bed.

Enter Mirida.

Miri. My dear Fat Love, little dost thou
Think how many Tears I have shed
For all thy Sufferings, that Rogue
Philidor put a Trick upon us all.

Ping. Well and has Physick, Heats, Buriall,
Nor Resurrection, made me yet Leane
Enough to be thy, Husband ; why I have
Lost as much Grease as wou'd Furnish
A whole City with Candles for a Twelve Month.
And all for the Love of thee sweet, *Mirida.*

[Cries and
Snobs.]

Mir. Dear Love come sit thee in my Lap
And let me try if I can enclose thy world
Of Fat and Love, within these Armes,
See, I cannot nigh encompass my
Desires by a Mile.

Ping. How is my Fat a Rivall to my Joyes? ———— (cries—
Sure I shall weep it all away.

Mir. Lye still my Babe, lye still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to see thee weep.
Wert thou but Leaneer I were glad,
Thy Fatness makes thy dear Love sad.
What a lump of Love have I in my armes.

Ping. Nay if I had not taken all these Courses,
To dissolve my self into thy imbraces,
One wou'd think my looking on thee
Were enough, for I never see thee but
I am like a fat piece of Beefe, roasting
At the Fire, continually drep, drop, drop.
There's ne're a feature in thy Face, or
Part about thee, but has cost me many
A Pint of Fat, with thinking on thee ;
And yet not to be Lean enough for

Thy Husband ; O Fate, O Fate, O Fate,

O Fat. *[She lets him fall.]*

Mir. O Lord Sir I have let you fall, how
Shall I do to get you up again?

Ping. Nay that's more then all the World
Can tell.

Mir. I'll e'ne lye down by thee then.

Ping. Nay but Prethee lye neer me, thou
Had'st as good lye a League off, as that
Distance.

Mir. Were I thy Wife, fat Love I would.

My Lodging it is on the Cold Boards

(She sings.)

And wonderful hard is my fare,

But that which Troubles me most is

The Fatness of my Dear.

Yet still I cry oh melt Love,

And I prethee now melt apace,

For thou art the man I should long for ;

If 'twere not for thy Grease.

Ping Then prethee dont harden thy heart still,

(he sings.)

And be deaf to my pittifull Moan ;

Since I do indure the smart still,

And for my Fat do Groan ;

Then prethee now turn my dear Love,

And I prethee now turn to me ;

For alas I am too Fat still,

To Roul so far to thee :

Mir. That were not Modesty in me to turn
To you, but if you can Roul to me
Within this hour, I'll Marry you in
Spite of all your Fat.

Mir. Agreed then I shall gain thee, yet
You must lye still then.

Mir. Yes, yes.

Ping. Sure I am *Sisyphus's* stone, for as fast

As I turn over I think I turn
Back again, else I must needs
Have been come to my Journies end
By this time, for I am of such a
Breadth, that every Roul I give,
I pass over an Acre at least.

[*he Rouls
to her, and she
Rouls from him.*]

Thou ly'st still my Love, dos't thou not?

Mir. Yes, I long to have thee here,

Ping. I doubt I shant be with thee though
This two hours.

Mir. Then my heart will break.

Ping. I'm sure mine will before I get to thee.

Oh Woman, — oh woman, oh woman.

They talke of woman in Travail, I'me

Sure I know a man in Travail at

This time, in more Pain behalf.

Mir. Why my most Extreame Fat Assc, dost

Thou not find that I have fool'd thee

All this while?

[*She rises and
Laughs at him.*]

Ping. Why, hast thou?

Mir. Yes indeed have I.

Ping. Oh thou woman; may'st thou grow

Fat; that thy Breasts and Belly may

Meet together, so that all the fat

Hofteffes in Christendom may appear

But Eels to thee.

Mir. Farewell my lowly Love.

Ping. Why wilt thou not help me up before
You go.

Mir. What to do, to run heats again for Love?

Ping. No, to fight with thee.

Mir. Fight with me? by this Light wou'd we
Had two Swords, I'de have one pass
At all thy Tripes.

Enter

Enter Cutler with two Swords.

Faith and yonders a fellow has two Swords.

Friend lend me but thy Swords one Minute.

Cut. I am going to carry them to two Gentlemen.

Mir. Oh this will not hinder thee, thou shalt
See rare sport, go help that Gentleman
Up that lies yonder, and give that Sword
Into his hand.

Come are you ready Sir.

Ping. Why, you dear fight then it seemes
Though thou art so ungodly a Chit as
To say no prayers before thou begin'st,
I will, I assure thee.

Good, — I pray and desire yee, if I
Do miscarry in this Duell, that I may
Meet with no woman in the rother
VVorld. Now thou worst of Females,
Have at thee.

Mir. Come I'll let out all your Fat and Love at
One Thrust. ————— [*Fight and she disarms him.*]
Now ask thy Life and confesse thou art an Ass.

Ping. I am an Ass, and ask my life.

Mir. Then I thy conquering *Caesar*, take my leave,
With this conclusion, *veny, vidi, vici.*
And so farewell Oh Fate, Oh Love, O Fat. ————— [*Exit.*]

Ping. After all my Miseries wou'd I were
Up again, else the next man that comes
Will make a Rouler of me, for to Roul
Bowling greenes. ————— [*makes severall Attempts to rise*
So, now have I a Mile home at least, *and at last gets up.*
And every toilelome step I take, I will
Curse women. ————— [*Exit.*]

Enter

*Enter Zoranzo and Amphelia lying
upon Straw together.*

Zo. Most blest of women, I must tell you truth.
And yet I fear that truth will,——

Amph. Will what; I doubt he loves me.
Speak it Sir, nothing from you can
Be unwelcome;

(a side.)

Zo. O yes it will.

Amph. I'll warrant you, out with it Sir.

Zo. Then know I, —— will come no further.

Amph. Unhappy man 'tis so, he Loves me. —— (a side.)
O Sir, I have sadder truth to tell to you,
Then yours can be to me, I dare not
Speak it.

Zo. My fears are true, she Loves me? —— (a side.)
Pray tell me what it is,

Amph. Tell yours first Sir.

Zo. Alas you saw I tried, but cou'd not
Get it past my Lipps.

Amph. If I shou'd try, mine wou'd not come so far.

Zo. Wou'd I knew yours, I cou'd tell it
For you;

Amph. So cou'd I yours, yet I cant my own.

Zo. Alas she loves me. —— [a side.]

Amph. Poor Zoranzo, I see he loves me.

(a side.)

But Sir consider we are going to dye,
Let us dye undeceiv'd in one another.

Zo. Oh that some —— that knows each of
Our hearts, wou'd harken to our griefes,
And bid an Angel come and speake
For both.

Enter Jaylor.

Jay. Come have you done your discourse,
Yet must go to Execution.

Zo. A little patience Jaylor, see we are
Cal'd unto our deaths, pray tell me
What you mean.

Amph. I cannot, first do you begin.

Zo. Nor I.

Amph. Let us tell both together then, that one
May not blame the tother

Zo. Agreed, are you ready now to speak,

Amph. Yes, oh no I am not, — well now I am, —
Are you.

Zo. Yes I am, begin, oh stay I cannot yet.

Jay. Come, Come, I can give you no
Longer time.

Amph. Nay then we must tell.

Zo. Poor *Amphelia*, tis *Amarissa*, that
I Love.

Amph. O *Zoranzo* I love the *Duke*.

Zo. Then I am joyed, I was afraid twas
Me you Lov'd.

Amph. And so was I that you Lov'd me.
Now we shall dye both happy,
Never was twofuch friends as you and I.

Jay. Come, Come.

Amph. Good Jaylor we go most willingly now;

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

*Enter as on a Scaffold, Duke, Amarissa,
Ortellus, Zoranzo, Amphelia, and
Jaylor Executioner.*

Amar. Jaylor why did'st thou let them stay so long?
Jay. They had so much to say to one another,
That still they begg'd one Minute and
Then another.

Amar. D'ye hear Sir, pray let the Jaylor
Be turn'd out of his place, for leting
Them speak to one another.

Amph. See Zoranzo where they sit in triumph,
O're our deaths. ————— [*aside,*

Amar. S'life Sir they are whispering, d'ye
See yonder, Executioner why don't
You strike off their heads, and let
Them whisper then. ———

Sir you are Melancholly ;

Duke. I am indeed.

Zo. Now Amphelia, to Heaven and you,
I truly Vow, my Love is still the
Same, to cruel Amarissa.

Amph. Heaven and you witnesses the same
For me, my heart is still that
Undeserving Dukes.

Excecu. Come which of you will dye first.

Zo. Hast thou not skill enough to strike
Our heads off together.

Amar. Executioner let them not have that
Satisfaction, pray Sir let that
Woman dye first ; that damn'd Zoranzo,
May have two deaths ; it will be one
To him, to see her dye, shall it be so Sir ?

Duke. What you please.

Amar. Executioner, the Duke sayes she
Must dye first.

Excecu. Come Lady, you must lay down your
Head first, the Duke sayes.

Amph. That word's the sharpest Ax, that I
Shall feel.

Exce. Have you said all?

[*both kneels as
at Prayers.*]

Amph. To Earth I have, but not to Heaven,
Farewell dear friend for one short Minute,

Zo. My soul shall hasten after yours.

Ama. S'lfe Jaylor, will you let them speake
To one another again.

Amph. Executioner, now I am ready.

Duke. Hold, the Prisoner shall dye first.

Zo. With all my heart, I am ready.

Duke. Nay it is not you I mean Sir, rise
'Tis I that am the Prisoner, I will
Make you a present, take your Life,
Your Love, nay and my Dukedom too,
And to oblige you most of all.
Executioner strike off my head, for I
Am weary of it.

Amph. Not for ten thousand worlds Sir,
What e're you mean,

Duke. Know then I have lov'd you all this
While, but seeing your hate so
Great to me, I have dissembled

Scorne to you. ————— [*she swoones.*
Why dost thou Swoon *Amphelia* ?

Amph. Did not I hear some voice just now,
That said the Duke dos love me still,

Duke. Thou did'st, 'twas he himself that
Said so.

Amph. If 'twere from Heaven, good Heaven
Say it again.

Duke. Twas I my self, I tell thee, ——— and I will never
Speake another word, it that dos please thee.

Amp. Oh I am in Heaven then it seemes, and 'tis

Some

Some god that's telling me how the
Duke Lov'd me still.

Duke. Dear *Amphelia*, 'tis I that Loves thee;
Tells thee so.

Amp. Hark, now there's a god that saies he loves
Me too, blest god, I'me sorry if you do,
Since I have heard the Duke dos Love me still,
He must be your rivall, indeed I cannot
Help it, Oh let me fly down to the Earth
Again, only to hear him say he loves me,
I cannot promise when I shall return,
That very word from him wou'd keep me there.

Duke. I must answer her no more, they say
'Twill keep 'um longer in a Trance

[he Ruls her.

Ortell. I am but in a scurvy condition now, if
She comes to life again, for they will
Examine one another how the mistake
Came between them, and then I am
Sure it must come to light.

Amp. Who's that Duke, *Archemedes*.——

Duke. The same sweet Angel?

Amp. Oh Sir, I am come from Heaven to see you,
Since there I heard you love me still.

Duke. Dear *Amphelia*, thou hast dream'd all
This while, Heaven 'tis true, is where
Thou art, but 'twas my voice that
Said I Love thee.

Amp. Was not my head struck off just now?

Duke. Canst thou ask that while I have
A head and heart?

Amp. Why have you lov'd me still?

Duke. With as much truth as ever lover did;

Amp. So have I you with equal constancy.

Amar. Well Sir, now you are satisfied, pray
Let me be so too, and let *Zoranzo's*
Head be struck off quickly.
I see he's mean as well as false, to
Quit me for a woman that does not

Love him.

Amph. Hold *Amariffa*, hear me speak, before
Zoranzo dies, — and be assur'd he
Loves you still.

Amar. VVou'd you deceive me too?

Amph. Indeed I dont, when we were
Going to dye, you may remember that
VVe whisper'd, then we call'd Heaven
And our selves to witness,
That both our Loves were true,
Mine to *Archimedes*, his to you.

Amar. Can you forgive me Sir. ————— [Kneels.]

Zo. I cannot answer yet,
Thy civility has took away my speech.

Duke. Dear *Amphelia*, how came this sad
Mistake 'twixt you and I.

Amph. I'll tell you Sir in part, when you were
In this last War, my woman receiv'd
A Letter from one of the Gentlemen of your
Chamber, wherein he did assure
Her, that you had a new Mistriss in
That Country, and therefore bid her tell
Me of it, that I might by degrees,
Wean my affection from so false a man
As you.

Duke. Here has been some foule play, for
This very man you spoke of, receiv'd
A Letter from your woman, wherein she
Bid him assure me, that you were
Prov'd false in my absence, and Lov'd my
Cozen *Ortellus*.

Guard. Go fetch them both hither
Immediately, they shall dye without
Mercy.

Ortell. Nay then I had as good discover,
'Twill fall the heavier on me else.
Sir let the Guard stay,
And I will tell you all.

'Tis

'Tis I, have sow'd the seeds of this mistake;
 I long have lov'd *Amphelia*, for which cause
 I tried this way to draw her heart from you.
 I knew this Gentleman of your Bed-chamber
 Was in Love with *Amphelia's* woman,
 Therefore I brib'd her to write to him,
 To assure the *Duke* that *Amphelia* lov'd me;
 And that she shou'd also charge him, to
 Write another Letter to her, wherein he
 Shou'd complain of the *Dukes* falling in
 Love with another woman in that
 Country, I knew your spirits both to be
 So great, that neither of you wou'd
 Stoop to one another, when you were
 Both possest of eithers falseness, and
 So it prov'd, for when the *Duke* heard
 You Lov'd me, he brought a fair
 New Mistress over with him, to let you
 See hee did contemn you, and so
Amphelia Sir, when she heard you
 Lov'd another, assured me then that she
 Lov'd me, which now I see was only
 To make you think how much she
 Scorn'd you; though still her heart
 Was true, and so was yours, now
 Sir I humbly beg your Pardon.

Duke. 'Twill be in vain my Lord, I cannot
 Grant it; Oh *Amphelia*, how many
 Hours of joy, we two have lost.

Amph. Base Lord.

Enter Artabella.

Artab. O Sir, I heard that people were to dye
To day, let me be one I pray.

Amph. Not for the World sweet innocent

Artab. Oh Madam you are she the Duke
Loves, pray spare your Pitty, Sir can
You have the heart to let me live,
And see you Married to another?

Amph. Have patience sweet young Maid,
I will not Marry him, you wo't not blame
Me if I love him though.

Artab. No, for then I shou'd condemn my
Fault in you.

Duke. But sure *Amphelia*, you did but jest,
In telling her you wou'd not Marry me;

Amph. Indeed sir I am in earnest; Consider
'Tis but justice, she loves you as well
As I, her heart was quiet till you
Troubl'd it.

Duke. All this is true, but how will your
Love shew, if you refuse to marry me?

Amph. Not less at all, but make my Pitty more.

Duke. If I wou'd marry her, I cant beleive
That she wou'd be thus kind to you.

Amph. Yes, I dare say she wou'd; ask her and try.

Duke. Well *Artabella*, will you Marry me?

Artab. You never hated me till now, can you
Beleive I'de wrong so blest a
Woman as *Amphelia*.

Amph. See Sir, wou'd it be justice now in me,
she will not wound my heart, shou'd
I kill hers.

Duke. But consider 'tis you I Love, not her,

Amph. That's her misfortune sir, yet she
Deserves as much as I: I can but love

You,

You, so do's she.

Duke. Dear *Amphelia* marry me ?

Amph. I cannot out of pitty Sir ;

Duke. Talke not of pitty, if thou wilt shew
Me none.

Amph. My pitty, is her due : my love is yours.

Duke. O *Amphelia*, this was a cruell way to
Make me happy. Thou'dst better still

Have kept my joyes unknown ;

Then let the knowing of it be my death.

Once more my dear *Amphelia* marry me :

Amph. Do not Petition, her you may command
In any thing but this.

Duke. Monster of Villaines, thou hast caus'd
All this ; Excecutioner, immediately strike
Off his head.

Ortell. I'me sure you will not let me dye ;

Duke. Impudent Villain, dispatch him straight ?

Ortell. Hold Sir, 'tis only I can make you three
Happy, which if you do not confesse,
When you have heard me speake,
Then let me dye.

Duke. Well let's hear it.

Ortell. Promise me my life first, if I do.

Duke. Well you shall have it.

Ortell. Then know the Lady *Artabella* is
Your Sister.

Duke. Ha.

Ortell. I say your Sister, you do remember
That you had one once ?

Duke. Yes I do, but she was lost at three
Years old.

Ortell. 'Tis true 'twas thought so ; but thus
It is, when 'twas reported you were
Slain in the Battail ;
I straight convey'd away this Lady
Then a Child, because she shou'd not
Stand 'twixt me and the Dukedome, I being

Then acquainted with the Mother to
Arbatu, I brought this Lady, and gave
 Her a sum of Money, to adopt her for
 Her Child, with willingness my offer
 She imbrac'd the more, because her
 Son *Arbatu* had then been lost
 About seven years; thought to have
 Been cast a way at Sea; though after wards
 Return'd home, I had enjoy'd her
 Secresy which she kept, therefore
 she told *Arbatu*'twas his Sister.

Enter Arbatus.

Duke. And is she then my sister.
 Oh, *Arbatus*, welcome, welcome;
 I have a crowd of Joyes, about my heart
 To tell thee.

Arba. What! that you have broke my sisters heart.

Duke. Thou hast no sister; 'Tis I possess that
 Blessing, *Artabella*, is my sister, how
 Blest a sound is sister to my Eares,
 I'll give command, no other word but
 Sister shall be spoke throughout My
 Dukedome; I'll have it taught to
 Infants; so that when nature lends
 Their sucking tongues a meanes to
 Speak one word, they all shall
 Babble Sister, instead of Nurse, I'll
 Have the name engrav'd in Gold on
 Every Post and Pillar in the Streetes,
 And passers by, shall worship it.

Arba. I am amaz'd.

Enter

(20)
Enter Philidor and Mirida.

Duke. Welcome *Philidor*.

Phil. I am glad to see joy in your looks.
Again sir, the time is long since
I have seen you smile.

Duke. *Philidor*, all that is Joy, I have within
This Breast, it o're flowes and runs
Into my Eyes; This is my sister, oh
What a word is sister. And this my
Dear and true, *Amphelia*.

Come *Mirida* shall be thine, to day too.

Mir. Hold sir, I forbid that banes?

Phi. Troth so do I too; you alwaies
Take the words out of my mouth.
You and I Marry kether.

Mir. No faith, wee'l be hang'd first, I'de
Rather hear along sermon, then
Hear a Person ask me, *Mirida*,
Will you have this man for your
Wedded Husband, to have and to hold.
From this day forward and so forth.

Phi. Right, for better, for worse, in
sickness, or in Health.

Mir. I and perhaps after we have been
Married half a year with ones
Husband, falls into a deep Consumption,
And will not do one the favour to
Dye neither, then we must be
Ever feeding him with Caudle.
Oh from a husband in a Consumption,
Deliver me.

Phi. And think how weary I shou'd be
Of thee, *Mirida*, when once we were
Chain'd together, the very name of
Wife, wou'd be a vomit to me, then

Nothing, but where's my wife, call
My wife to Dinner, call my wife to Supper
And then at night, come wife will you
Go to Bed.

Mir. Land that wou'd be so troublesome
To be call'd by ones husband every night
To go to Bed, Oh that dull, dull
Name of Husband.

Duke. Indeed you two are well met,
The World has not two more such,
I am confident.

Mir. The more the pittier Sir.

Phil. No Sir, if you please, never propose
Marrying to us, till both of us have
Committed such faults as are death
By the Law, then instead of
Hanging us, Marry us.

Mir. And then you shall hear how
Earnestly we shall Petition your
Highness to be hang'd rather then
Marryed.

Duke. No man can judge which is the
Wildest of these two.
Now brave *Arbarus*, in all my Dukedome,
There is but one gift worthy thy
Receiving, and that's my Sister,
Here Sir take her as freely as Heaven
Gave her me.

Arba. D'yeec forgive me Sir,

Duke. Or not my self *Arbarus*.
This day, *Hymen* shall light his
Torch for all.

Phi. With your Pardon Sir, not for me
And my Female.

Mir. No faith, I'll blow it out if he dos;

Arta. Sir, thought in my own desires,
Shou'd have chose the man that
You have given me, yet I beg

We may not Marry yet, we have
 Call'd Brother and sister so long,
 That yet needs must think we
 Are so still.

Arba: Pray Madam, let's think so as
 Little a while as we can, that fancy
 May not keep my joy in Prison.

Duke. Let's to the *Temple* now, and there thank
 Heaven for these unexpected Joies.
 Each day the gods shall lend me in this life ;
 I'll thank them for a sister, and a Wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

FINIS.